

BIRTHDAY NUMBER.

THE FORTY-NINER



Magazine of the
49th Canadian Batt.
C.O.E.F.
Edmonton Regiment.

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Geo Brown

The Forty-Niner

Vol. I.

No. 4.



C.Y. Meares

Major, 49th Battalion, Canadian B.E.F.

OUR BIRTHDAY.

JANUARY 4th, 1915.



CHRISTMAS is over. The New Year is ushered in 'midst the cannonading of the rival armies, and hard upon the first of the New Year comes the birthday of the Battalion.

A year ago, on January 4, permission was granted for the formation of the 49th Battalion. On the publication of this news in Edmonton, backed by the signature of our C.O., people sat up and took notice. The old armouries were the scene of a regular pit queue, men hustled each other in their endeavours to be the first to enlist, and those of the 19th who were on guard were kept busy answering questions as well as keeping what order was necessary among the good-natured crowd awaiting their turn to go to the help of the Motherland.

Nine o'clock sees everyone busy with pen and paper. Attestation forms were much in evidence, ink flew on every side, and the honour of being the first man to actually enlist in the Battalion was Sergeant Clifford Wright, and after him the others came in the order as near as possible that their numbers run, Sergeant Girvin being No. 1. And so the merry crowd filed in, divesting themselves of sundry articles of clothing preparatory to that dreaded ordeal "the physical examination"; but such was the stamina of the boys that very few came down the stairs knowing that the 49th was not to be their battalion.

The ordeal over, partially dressed and hanging on to the blue attestation papers, each vies with the other to see who should be the first to further worry the much-worried score or so of orderlies who range each side of the tables set up in the orderly room. Papers filled in, and smiles radiating from every face, the final swearing-in by Major

Weaver made us all "Soldiers of the Dominion"—eh, and how we puffed out our chests as we swaggered down Jasper and cast supercilious glances at those not of the Great Army.

Next morning sharp at nine o'clock saw all the enlisted men standing at attention in their various platoons, answering the roll-call, a few rushing out of breath to answer theirs at the last moment, hoping that they were in time to miss the absentee report. Yes, and how grateful we are that our sergeants were lenient with us and knew what it was to turn out of a good warm bed when the frost king held sway.

With roll-call over, and sometimes a few words from the C.O., we march away to the Parliament buildings, where we were allowed to pull aside the veil and learn for ourselves the mysteries of "Form Fours," "Right Form," and all the other forms that man is heir to, and, be it said, that sometimes the poor instructors were not always certain of themselves; and many were the funny incidents that took place on those old stamping grounds.

Memory goes back to those days just a year ago when in snow inches deep we determined to become soldiers or for ever hold our peace—who would not just for the space of a few hours, be they never so short, hie themselves back to the old city and see the grounds of their first endeavours, and, arm-in-arm with some friend, recount the many pleasures and some few trials there encountered?

Then time changes, and, the snow melting, we see ourselves housed in the Exhibition grounds, which had by our own men been made into barracks to house Edmontonian soldiers. There uniform is served out, rifles arrive, equipment is juggled with, and we

feel that we are still more of the soldier as we don the khaki, and those so entitled put up the chevrons, the stars, some few the crown, and one only the star and crown, and no man ever carried them better.

The oval bears the marks of many feet as we are initiated into the mysteries of battalion drill, physical drill, and, we must not forget, bayonet exercise.

The day's work over, pleasure commences, and, with buttons glistening, chins smooth, and, if we are in luck, with pockets well filled, away we go to see our admiring friends scattered all over the city. Pantages knew us, the street-car service was doubled to accommodate us, Douglas was harassed for infantry drill, etc., and some people say that the Yale and Selkirk knew our fairy tread. (Impossible!—Editor.)

While those of us who did not go from the barracks were by no means dull, for did not we have the billiard-room, the canteen, the City Park skating-rink at our very doors? The Y.M.C.A. attended to wants so often overlooked, concerts were frequent, football matches were arranged, and everything was done to make the idle hours hours of pleasure.

The first post is sounded by the bugler, and the orderly sergeants, producing roll-books, go from building to building checking up the number of men present and noting those absent, comparing the names with the pass list; and again we look back and thank many of the N.C.O.'s for being men as well as N.C.O.'s.

The N.C.O.'s, parading before the orderly officer, report any absentees, then, dismissed, back to the barracks they go, awaiting the final visiting round of the O.O., which visit finishes an average day's work in the battalion, a day which sees us a little more proficient in the science of "legalized murder."

Our first birthday awoke 'midst the booming of guns, the spit of rifles, the dull crash of exploding shells—and our baptism of fire, the real baptism, is a fact, for just a year after inauguration we are holding a line of trenches of our own; and may the good, sound spirit of camaraderie which has always existed between the ranker and the officer ever prevail! Luck has ever been with us, and that, coupled with sound common sense, of which the battalion has plenty, are two hard qualities to beat, and, come what may, the 49th must, and will, ever be to the fore.

JUNIUS.

CHRISTMAS CARD ACCOUNT.

CHRISTMAS, 1915.

By cash in Bank of France	frs.1782.40
„ Accounts receivable	4.30
„ Battalion cards sent out	30.30
„ Cards in hand (33)	11.00
„ Rebate due by Gale and Polden	3.
	<hr/>
	frs.1831.00
	<hr/>
To amount paid for cards £49 2s. 10d. ...	frs.1277.00
Profit	554.00
	<hr/>
	frs.1831.00
	<hr/>

Five thousand five hundred Christmas cards were ordered from Messrs. Gale and Polden, London. Of these 5,484 were received, and I have applied to Messrs. Gale and Polden for a rebate of 2s. 6d. on account of the sixteen cards by which the consignment was short. The 5,484 cards actually received were disposed of as follows:—

“ A ” Company	1,056
“ B ” Company	1,055
“ C ” Company	1,067
“ D ” Company	1,067
Battalion Headquarters and sold by Corporal Ward	1,115
Cards sent out by Battalion to its friends in Edmonton and else- where	91
Cards on hand	33
	<hr/>
	5,484
	<hr/>

C. Y. WEAVER, Major,
49th Battalion Canadian B.E.F.

February 27, 1916.

CORRESPONDENCE.

40, Rendezvous Street, and
7, Cheriton Place, Folkestone,
February 9, 1916.

To Frank S. Winsor, Esq.,
49th Battalion (Canadians),
B.E.F., France.

Dear Sir,—The brass memorial tablet to the memory of Mrs. Willson is now in position in St. Martin's Church, Cheriton, and I trust you will have a favourable report of same. I might say the plate and the engraving are quite up to my own expectations; in fact, it is *good*.

With my respectful compliments and best wishes,

Faithfully yours,

G. J. JOHNS.

BATTALION FUND.



SINCE our arrival in France there has been a steady drain upon the Battalion Fund, and, excepting for the profit made by the sale of the Battalion Christmas Cards, 554 frs. (approximately £22 3s. 2d.), there has been no source of income. The following shows the chief items of expenditure since the last statement was published in No. 2 of the "Forty-niner," when the balance to the credit of the Battalion was £425 10s. 1d. It is regretted that a complete statement cannot be rendered at this time, as the books of the Battalion are in England, but the following will give an idea to all ranks of the Battalion of the use to which the fund is put:—

Expenditure by Battalion Headquarters.

Armourers' tools	£3	10	0
Horse clippers	0	10	6
Bags for Bombing School	0	14	6
Band Instruments	1	10	1
Orderly room supplies	1	16	0
Hardware for pioneers' use	4	0	0
Transport of extra equipment	0	8	6
Shoulder titles	10	8	4
Pipers' instruments	3	16	7
Carriage of ditto.	0	16	6
Sugar bags	0	14	6
Extra cooks' pay for months of October, November, December, incurred by reason of fact that only three cooks per company receive Government pay, the fourth cook in each company being paid 50 c. per day by the battalion:—			
" A " Company	\$46.00		
" B " Company	46.00		
" C " Company	46.00		
" D " Company	46.00		
	\$184.	38	6 8
Washing football kit	0	8	9
Postage stamps	0	7	10
Candles	0	8	4
		£67	1/ 1

Expenditure by Companies.

A Company.

Groceries at Theenshok	frs.103.30
Groceries at Westhoff	76.20
Vegetables (potatoes)	25.50
Milk	9.50
Fuel	98.90
Tea	23.95
Rice and curry	21.00
Extra groceries purchased at Berthen, including that for Christmas dinner	72.55
Groceries, etc., purchased in January	12.50

frs445.30 17 16 0

Carry forward £85 15 1

Forward £85 15 1

B Company.

Bread	frs.49.00
Vegetables	68.80
French pork	61.60
Coffee, tea, and sugar	59.55
Baking powder	11.50
Beans	26.00
Straw for billets	5.00
Candles	9.00
Three pigs for Christmas dinner	150.00
Sugar and fruit for Christmas dinner	60.70

frs.501.15 20 2 2

£105 17 3

C Company.

Straw	frs.27.50
Tea	42.00
Baking powder and curry powder	6.50
Vegetables and onions	59.85
Axes, files, and dippers and rivets	44.25
Candles	18.00
Lanterns (four)	22.00
Fuel	37.50
Rice and groceries	34.60
Wagon hire for moves	60.80
Brushes	1.60
Christmas account	154.60

frs.509.20

Less discount of Dickeson and Co.'s account repaid to company

140.70

frs.368.50 14 14 7

D Company.

Coffee	frs.26.00
Straw	9.00
Bread	27.00
E.F. canteen (groceries)	196.60
Beans	66.49
Potatoes	24.00
Rice	24.00
Prunes	27.00
Curry	8.00
Sugar	22.50
Rolled oats	25.00
Fuel	20.00

475.59

Less discount received

5.10

frs.470.49 18 17 9

£139 9 7

C. Y. WEAVER, Major,

49th Canadian Battalion.

March 1, 1916.

EXTRACTS FROM BATTALION ORDERS.

December 24, 1915.



THE C.O. desires to wish all ranks in the battalion the Compliments of the Season, and to congratulate the battalion on the splendid reputation it has earned since coming to France, wherever it has been employed. The C.O. is particularly pleased with the discipline and high spirit of the battalion, and in particular with the conduct of the individual members. This is especially noticeable in connection with the inhabitants of the country towards the battalion in leaving or returning to billets previously occupied. The late Field-Marshal Lord Roberts was able to say of his men, in a famous order issued by him, that they were soldiers and gentlemen. The C.O. is pleased and proud to say the same thing of members of this battalion. The C.O. desires to make it known that the keenest interest is displayed by the people at home as to the progress and welfare of the battalion, and he is in receipt of many kindly inquiries and good wishes from numerous officials and other persons in Edmonton, and he desires to pass these good wishes on to all ranks.

December 26, 1915.

From General Mercer, Commanding Canadian Corps Troops:—"To all officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of your command I extend sincere wishes for a bright Christmas-tide and a New Year full of the accomplishment of your high ideals as soldiers."

January 25, 1916.

The following wire was received from Canadian Corps:—

"Corps Commander is very pleased with what he saw on his visit to the 7th Canadian Infantry Brigade to-day, and appreciates the good work that is being done."

"The G.O.C. 7th C.I. Brigade has much pleasure in forwarding for the information of all concerned a copy of a letter received from Major-General A. W. Currie, C.B., and takes this opportunity of himself thanking all ranks of the brigade he has the honour to command for the assiduous work and gallant conduct that merited this well-earned praise:—

"1st Can. Divs., January 31, 1916.

"Dear General Mercer,—It gives me a great deal of pleasure to inform you that during the stay of the 7th Infantry Brigade in the 1st Brigade area they behaved at all times most gallantly. Besides, they did a very great deal of necessary and useful work. At the time they took over the line the trenches, owing to the very bad weather, were not in the best of shape, but your fellows have made a very great difference. I went over the line last Saturday morning, and was delighted with what I saw has been done, and so expressed myself to Brigadier-General McDonnell. I asked him to convey my thanks to all ranks of this brigade. I know he will, but I want you to know as well how I appreciate them. They were active in their patrolling, did a lot of wiring, greatly improved the front trenches, worked hard on supporting points, and were aggressive always. While I deeply regret their casualties, I do not think they were excessive.

"Brigadier-General Hughes has written to me in warm terms of praise of what has been accomplished by McDonnell Brigade.—Ever your faithfully,

"A. W. CURRIE."

January 30, 1916.

"The 1st Canadian Battalion would like to convey to the R.C.R. and the 49th Battalions its appreciation of the excellent work done in trenches—during the tour of the 7th C.I. Brigade from January 7 to January 20. All ranks feel much encouraged by the excellent condition of the trenches.

"F. A. GREIGHTON,

"Major Commanding 1st Can. Battalion."

MARRIAGE.

Lieut. W. E. Newton, of "Ours," was married to Bessie Marie Andrews, of Canterbury, on November 10, 1915. The ceremony, which was of a quiet nature, was performed at Folkestone, England, the bride and bridegroom leaving immediately afterwards for their honeymoon. We wish the happy couple every success.

We have received a contribution from W. A. Thomas, of Stirling, which, however, we are not able to publish owing to lack of space. Nevertheless we thank him, and hope that in the future we will have more room, and then we will see that he is not forgotten.

GRENADE SCHOOL SECTION.



WE much regret that during our last spell in the trenches our officer, Lieut. E. Livesey, had to be taken to hospital suffering from appendicitis. He had known a couple of months previously that he would have to undergo an operation sooner or later, but he refused to go sick until he had seen his men safely into the front line, and there he stopped with them until forced to leave through pain. Officers and men of the Brigade grenadiers all wish him a speedy return, and in the meantime extend the felicitation to Lieut. R. Arthurs.

THE BOMBERS.

The song beginning "I'd like to be a bomb-thrower, but I value my life, gee! I value my life," has lost its sting as far as No. 2 Grenade School is concerned—a school composed of the bombing sections of the R.C.R.'s, the P.P.'s, "Ours," and our old friends the "Forty-twa's."

Never, I swear, has a school had such distinguished students, such glorious surroundings, and such delightful working hours. The headmaster, so to speak, is a very nice and kind gentleman with, however, an unfortunate penchant for spotting invisible pieces of paper, much to the disgust of "line fatigues."

He is aided and abetted in his teachings by the grenade officers from the four units. The next in command is the Brigade Sergeant-Major. He is a person full of vim and colour (mostly black), he having once been a sergeant in the 49th—probably it was not his fault, but, nevertheless, it is a fact. He is authorised to deal with minor crimes, such as late at roll-call or absent off parade. The usual proceedings is for the delinquent to appear at the S.M.'s office with a masterly tale of woe, which speil gets him the doubtful pleasure of mucking out the pig-sties, not unknown to "Ours." Should, however, the offender appear and remember that "silence is golden," he is usually told to "get to — out of this."

Reveille is officially at 6.30, which means that the "school-boys" get out of bed in time to participate in a twenty minutes' sprint before breakfast, which is at 7.30. Breakfast over, the variously anathemised tasks of shaving, washing, and rifle-cleaning

occupy your time until nine o'clock, when we fall in on the parade ground (where the water is not so deep). The bunch then breaks up into working parties round the estate. Dinner at 12.30. Parade again at 2, and put in time until 4 o'clock. Tea (?), 4.30, and then a dismal wait until 6 o'clock. (Why dismal?)

During the wait let me describe the billets. They consist of two barns, lofty and draughty; in one the 42nd and the 49th doss, and in the other the P.P.'s and the R.C.R.'s eke out their existence. The houses attached to the barns sell all sorts of cough mixture, so at least one man in "C" company can always be found with an excuse for visiting the houses during and unduring hours. Bounds are limited to a radius of 500 yards, but passes can be obtained to visit any of the neighbouring dumps and mud-heaps. Lights out are at 9.30—perhaps.

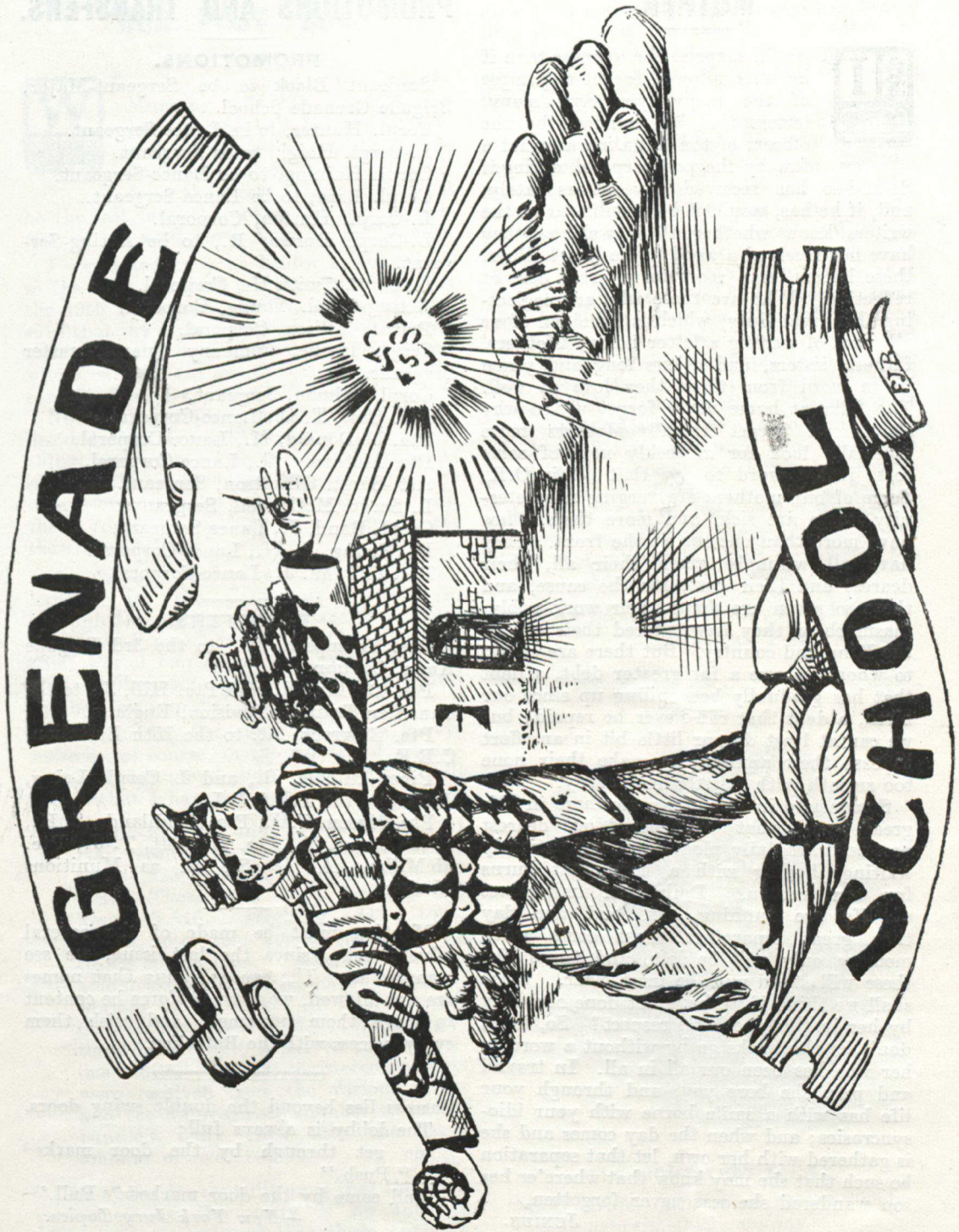
The view of the surrounding country is truly great, and on a clear day one can see for a distance of twenty miles. That is on a clear day, but up to the present the limit of our vision has been about 20 feet. The feeding arrangements are O.K. Chef Betts, late of "C" company, having a large finger in the cuisineal pie, Christmas and New Year were passed in great style. The officers, thinking of "D" company reputation, put in especially good work. Of course, he was fired next morning when it was discovered where the bottles of the best went, but he did not give a continental—he's Scotch and fat—a rare combination. Summing up, therefore, my brethren, bomb-throwing is all right, and one of these days when the words "working party" are deleted from the English language we expect to throw some bombs.

January 1, 1916.

GRENADINE.

P.S.—The grenadiers were honoured by a visit from the Brigadier-General on January 19, when, accompanied by Captain McNeil and Sergeant-Major Black, he inspected the practising grounds and the various departments of the school. He expressed himself as being highly pleased with the efficiency of the men.

Sergeant-Major Black demonstrated the powers of a new bomb-thrower, and had most successful results, dropping six bombs in succession in a trench six hundred yards away. Altogether, everything went with a swing, and the General went away most pleased with his visit.



MOTHER.



It would surprise the average man if he were allowed to get a glimpse of the many, yes very many, letters that are received by the officers of the battalion and not a few by the post corporal, asking if So-and-so has received any letters lately, and, if he has, would it be possible to let the writers know whether all is well, as they have not received a word for so long? Boys, these letters leave room for a great deal of reflection. Who are those who are neglecting this great duty, which is beholden of us all, that of writing a letter home? Mothers, fathers, sisters, and others long and yearn for a word from those they love so well. The folks at home never forget us, so why should we forget them? Mothers more especially look for a weekly note of some sort, just a word to say that all is O.K. Some of our mothers are verging near eternity, some are sick, and more than a few have more than one son at the front. They have all willingly given their all, their dearest and their best, for the cause, and those so given are doing their work nobly, inasmuch as they have offered their all for the King and country. But there are others to whom we owe a far greater debt, a debt that has gradually been piling up since our birth, a debt that can never be repaid; but we can at least do our little bit in an effort to ease their anxiety, to make their none too smooth path a little less thorny.

Somewhere in Canada, somewhere in this great world, that "Mother," our dearest possession, is daily plodding along patiently waiting, hoping with a hope that burns for our return. Daily her milestones of life are running out, and one day that great separation must come when memory only will be left, and times like these will stand out the most clear. What shall we think if we have not done our duty by her in this one little respect? So, boys, don't let the weeks go by without a word to her who has been our all in all. In travail and pain she bore you, and through your life has with a smile borne with your idiosyncrasies; and when the day comes and she is gathered with her own, let that separation be such that she may know that where'er her son wandered she was never forgotten.

JUNIUS.

PROMOTIONS AND TRANSFERS.

PROMOTIONS.

Sergeant Black to be Sergeant-Major, Brigade Grenade School.
 Corpl. Hunter, to be Lance-Sergeant.
 L.-Sergt. Haigh, to be Sergeant.
 Corpl. Haining, to be Lance-Sergeant.
 Corpl. Bain, to be Lance-Sergeant.
 L.-Corpl. Hutton, Corporal.
 L.-Corpl. Dorway R., to be Acting-Sergeant.
 L.-Corpl. Smith H., Corporal.
 Acting-Corpl. Young, Corporal.
 Private Allison, Corporal.
 Sergt. Irvine, Company Quarter-master Sergeant.
 Corpl. Salmon, Sergeant.
 Pte. Cass, T. C., Lance-Corporal.
 Pte. McDonald, M., Lance-Corporal.
 Pte. Matheson, G., Lance-Corporal.
 Act.-Sergt. Gilterson, Sergeant.
 L. Sergt. McConnell, Sergeant.
 Corpl. Band, J., Lance-Sergeant.
 Pt. Young, A. W., Lance-Corporal.
 Pte. Hill, W. J., Lance-Corporal.

TRANSFERS.

Pte. Thompson, W., to the 3rd Brigade Amm. Column.
 Pte. Daykin, E., and Pte. Hill, J., to the Canadian Training Division, England.
 Pte. Sturrock, A., to the 15th Battalion, C.E.F.
 Piper Ritchie, R., and L.-Corpl. Laing, James, to the P.P.C.L.I.
 Pte. Mason, T.H., Pte. Sandilands, S. H., Pte. Coroon, T., Pte. Hackett, T. J., Pte. McMillan, A. G. S., all as Munitions Workers.

Mention must be made of the several officers, who, since the last issue, we see amongst us. The censor saying that names are not allowed, we must perforce be content to leave them unnamed, and wish them every success with the Battalion.

Success lies beyond the double swing doors,
 The lobby is always full;
 Some get through by the door marked
 "Push,"

And some by the door marked "Pull."
 —New York Jury Topics.

OUR POST BOX.



WE owe our thanks to Captain Murray, A.D.P.S., for the following very enlightening article, and we hope that as this is the first contribution to our magazine from the Postal Corps it will not be the last, and that others of that confraternity will send along copy for publication.

I was asked by your Editor to contribute to the very excellent magazine published by the 49th Battalion. At first I was not very sure that my style was good enough to keep pace with the high standard set by others whose names I see mentioned, but after due consideration I thought of that old saying, "Nothing attempted, nothing done," and decided that I would write a little something, and as my line of business runs on one of the most important items in the men's lives in this country, namely, mail, there could be nothing more appropriate than that subject.

As perhaps readers will know, all mail handled for the Canadians is done so through the agency of the Canadian Postal Corps, and members of this Corps are all Civil Postal employees who have left their civil employment to serve the Motherland in their own special sphere.

Mail for the Canadians is always heavy, more so, of course, in the months of December and January, and a few figures will prove what I have said:—

The number and weight of bags of mail received at railheads for December was 34,223, weighing approximately 686 tons. Those sent away were as follows:—5,546, weighing 111 tons. Postal notes sold amounted to 73,917 francs 30 centimes. Postal notes cashed amounted to 10,358 francs 50 centimes. Stamps to the extent of 11,387 francs 60 centimes were sold. 14,056 registered letters were delivered to the various units. 12,038 registered packets were received from the various units, and the approximate number of letters handled daily runs into the large amount of over 63,000.

The above figures will prove that the work performed by this corps is no sinecure when it is remembered that there are only

about 150 persons actually engaged in handling mail, and the care that is taken is exactly the same as is taken in any civil post office, and members of the C.P.C. accept the same responsibility.

Also, one might point out that the soldiers of the Canadian Forces are not very great squanderers of money when we see the amount of postal orders bought, for the amount of those received and cashed is only one-seventh of those sent away. Work of this kind is very interesting, insomuch as it reveals the true nature of men, shows that even though they are daily risking their lives for the good of the Motherland, they also think of those who sit at home and wait, daily scanning the papers and praying that those they love will not have their names in the casualty lists. Thousands of the "Health Cards," as the boys nickname the Field Service postcards, are daily sent away; and in conclusion I can but say to all and sundry, "Write home and let the folks know that you are well. We are at your service, and will always do all in our power to facilitate the mail service for the Canadian boys."

CAPTAIN MURRAY, A.D.P.S.,
Canadian Postal Corps.



A.E.F.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

"Gott strafe—(hic)—these patent eight—
lighters—(hic)—anyway!!"

OUR "HOMES."



OUR billets since our arrival on a foreign shore have been many, and strange have been the places. Our first was a tent camp, where we laid our blankets on the ground and hoped, oh! how vainly, that the mud would not permeate through. Our next was in a barn, where we were allowed the luxury of straw, and even then some complained that the straw got into their clothes and made them feel "itchy-coo." Another move, and we see huts, or rather pieces of canvas stretched over poles and masquerading as huts. We slept on the ground, and our boots were set in the ditch dug through the middle so that when a man stood up he would not put his head through the roof. Sometimes if you were lucky your boots were there in the morning, but more often you were out of luck, and your "cances" were floating several leagues from your "home." Then once again our "home" was moved, and the furniture, in the shape of packs, equipment, and rifles, we carried on our backs, as we could not trust the pantechnicons of this country. After what seemed many moons we arrived at another "desirable residence," where we arranged the furniture to our taste, but found that, as the former occupants had been pigs, things were not as sweet as one would expect from the glowing description given in the advertisement, but as the rent was very just we overlooked any small discomforts, and settled down to new surroundings. The great objection, however, was the fact that the previous lodgers were not content to let well alone, but insisted on paying visits, much to the depreciation of our personal effects. It might be mentioned that at this particular billet we were initiated in the old and, some people say, honoured custom of spending one's last few sous in the purchase of coffee. No doubt this is a very fine way of inducing a soldier to part with his money, but it seems that it is hitting below the belt. We were well acquainted with all our neighbours, and knew their ways and manners, when without a word of warning the "landlord" gives us notice to "quit," and there was no back-saying him, so "quit" we did; but the gods were kind, and landed us in billets that almost resembled the country mansions that one reads

about and sees so few of; but this billet was by far the best we have encountered. And here again we drank coffee, and, mention it not in high circles, French beer at a penny a glass. No, the glass was not included. "Back to the land" is the cry in the West and East of Canada, but out here it has been modernised and now reads, "Back to the tents," and back we went. These houses of rest leave little to be desired, but that which is most desired is a soft floor board. Maybe some genius will in time invent one, but we think that it will be "après la guerre finit." After tents, our next house was a trench with dug-outs as bedrooms. As to this mode of living nuff said. Say, if ever we are allowed the luxury of a real home I'm going to have dirt spread on the floor so that the comparison may be all the more real. All things considered, we cannot complain about the accomodation that has been ours, but there's one thing that we do not appreciate, and that is the nasty habit the previous occupiers have of leaving their pets behind them, expecting us to maintain them in the style that they have been accustomed to. This is impossible, as the Western skin is so much harder than the skin of the average British Tommy. Nevertheless, we did our best, and it is to be hoped that they enjoyed their brief life, which was so ruthlessly brought to a close by a few hundred pounds of steam pressure. May they rest in peace, and no more trouble the hard-working soldier.

LOCIN.

IMPRESSIONS IN THE TRENCHES.



IT has been suggested by the numerous friends of the Battalion who read the magazine, THE FORTY-NINER, would like to know how we live in the trenches, so I will try to give a small description as seen by me, a non-combatant officer.

After a certain amount of questions put to the much employed guides, I find that the approach to the front line occupied by us was easy and even safe in daylight; on the first trip it came as a distinct surprise to find that one was in the front line, and the Germans but a few yards away.

It was a world of sand bags, mud, and

water. During our first trip I had expected a rather tense atmosphere, but there was nothing of the kind, everywhere cheerfulness abounded, and everyone seemed well contented. The sentries were on the alert, continually looking through the indispensable periscope, while behind were our men talking and cracking jokes with one another, although at the same time working hard filling sandbags with earth of a particularly heavy nature. These are used to improve the parapet, or to make dug-outs more shell-proof. Some thousands of bags were filled by the boys during our short stay of eight days. Hard work was cheerfully undertaken by every man, and after a few days, helped by fine weather, the trenches had a very different appearance, and where was originally 2 ft. of water now one was able to walk on dry land, and waders could in these spots be dispensed with. And then the dug-outs. I wish I could describe them adequately. Some of them were surprisingly comfortable, with table, home-made chairs, a stove made from a biscuit tin, and even a cot, but the majority were very small and the men much crowded.

Even if the accommodation was better there is so much work of every kind to be done that it is next to impossible for the men to get sufficient sleep. To these disadvantages must be added the fact that the enemy are not idle, and daily some part of the trench has to be put in shape after bombardment. Living in comfort at Battalion Headquarters, I could not help but admire all the men, right through their morale was splendid, their only complaint being that the Germans would not attack. Two things largely brought about this satisfactory result—the excellence of the food, bacon, fresh beef, bread, butter, potatoes, tea, and the daily issue of rum—let the temperance people talk as they will, this rum is vitally necessary to the men, as they are for hours standing in water inches deep, and then at night sleep in damp dug-outs. In many respects life goes on just as usual. You see men warming water over a little fire and having their daily shave. Letters are written and sent away, and there is the regular delivery of mail from home, and how eagerly it is awaited and how disappointed are those who get none.

You may wonder what the Chaplain can do up there. True, not much. But one tries

to make life appear as natural as possible by wandering around and chatting with the men; knowing that friends and relatives are always anxious, he, therefore, urges them to write every day, and offers to take their mail out and expedite its departure.

There is the more sombre side of this life that I have not touched upon, and after much time spent in the dressing-station I know that our M.O. and his assistants skilfully tend every case and send them on down the line with cheery words. A few of our comrades we have left behind; they lie buried in the little soldiers' cemeteries dotted over the country. In thinking of them the old Latin proverb comes to my mind, which may perchance comfort those who mourn, "Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori."

W. A. R. B.

REGULATIONS FOR THE TRENCHES.

Extract from Daily Orders, part 77, subsection 129 X.Z.V., paragraph 33, quarter section 19, range 56, meridian 23 W.

1. It is to be distinctly understood that on no account is anyone to swim in the trenches unless clothed in the regulation bathing-dress.
2. Boots, gum, thigh, when issued for the purpose of keeping mud off the uniform are to be used as such, and on no account is one allowed to pull his feet from them and leave the boot in the trench.
3. Real estate in "Nomans ground" is placed there for the express purpose of allowing one to dig for souvenirs, and on no account is one allowed to use it for any other purpose.
4. Special precautions should be taken to avoid all traps, dead-falls, snares, etc., and should covers of opera-glasses be seen lying about a party of twenty men should at once be detailed to remove same.
5. Constitutionals after dark are on no account to be indulged in. Officers will please take special note.
6. Should a shell fall short of the trench and cause no casualties, a signal to that effect should at once be communicated to the

enemy. A signal suggested is that of placing one's hat on the end of the rifle and waving same violently to and fro.

7. Recreation rooms are provided in the advanced sap, and a demonstration of the pyrotechnical art will be given at frequent intervals, attendance at these is optional.

8. Men while on duty in the trenches will always appear at the dinner-table in a clean and shaven condition, and will supply their own food.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Scene: Dugout Town HALL, by the Cook House near the HILL.



SURE it BATES me intoirely, ye MAIN spalpeen," said Paddy O'DOHERTY when the MARSHALL (of course, the CRAFTY one was only KIDDING) asked him: "Can you tell me why a WISEMAN, after TRAVERSING a DERBYSHIRE LANE for several MILES, sits on a WALL built by an ancient STONE-MASON, where the MOSS is GREEN and BUTTERS LITTLE FIGGS with a long CAINE, then gives them away in a CANTIN, with HEAPS of CANDY, also a bar of BROWNE WINSER soap to the TAYLOR, telling him to clean the girl's BONNET properly and to WARNER not to make it so BLACK again, but to keep it nice and WHITE ready for the next BALL game on MUNDY, when the BAND will play "The Jolly MILLAR" and "The Village BLACK-SMITH"—(v. DALY SKITCH)?

By the way, the last THIEME raised got lost in the DALE down by the MARSH where the cattle BROWSE, near those GOODLANDS where the FOX BURROWS in the HEATH, and that, despite the fact that he had PINDER label on every player (all BETTS off). Then when he discovered them we had to WAITE till he found the whistle and BLEWITT.

N.B.—It's enough to TURNER fellow's hair GRAY REIDING a yarn like this. HOPE none will try to WEAVER nother like it. We think a DIAMOND pin a suitable reWARD to anyone who will HUNT for and find CLOWES that will lead to the discovery of the perpetrator.

TRANSPORT SECTION NOTES.

By "FRIAR."



WING to Lieut. Travers having been appointed to the position of Quartermaster the transport is now under the command of Lieut. Hudson, late of "A" company.

It was an evening of January, the shades of night were falling fast, and the transport was in a buzz, someone of importance had lost his pass, and it was up to the transport to locate it. Sergeant Adams on his faithful steed careered frantically uphill and down dale, whirling round corners and leaping mudholes with a reckless disregard for death that merited the D.C.M at least; here and there signallers dashed, motor-cycles honked, bumped, and rattled, telegraph wires were red hot, and on every wire and on every lip was the same question, "Has anyone here seen Riley?" Gasoline, horse flesh and cuss words were almost exhausted when the gentleman in question was located, also the pass, and everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

From late advices from our special correspondent we learn that the owner of the pass was also greatly relieved, so much so in fact he forgot his night apparel, greatly to his embarrassment on reaching home.

It was rumoured in the early part of January that a few Stetson hats were to be issued amongst the transport. We haven't seen any yet, but we still have hopes.

The great "get-rich-schemes" of the Westerners are as nothing compared to the "polish-'em-up" quick schemes of the transport lately. Of all the weird and wonderful concoctions that were ever compounded we surely have them; whale oil, brickbats, bathbrick, coal oil, vitrol, emery paper, sand, mud, gunny sacks, hay, wire, and elbow grease; all these have been tried, and in every possible form and combination, and the smells coming from some of the cans around stables would make a skunk turn pale with envy. Elbow grease accomplished as much as anything, and the harness outfit looked fine in the end.

February 2 we were inspected by General Mercer, and, if we do say so ourselves, made a pretty good turn out. Anyhow, the general didn't bowl us out badly, and the boys felt in a measure compensated for their hard work by the kindly speech he delivered after the inspection, and will no doubt profit largely by the fatherly advice he gave them.

By the way, the thanks of the transport are due to "B" company for the rush of volunteers that came forward as soon as they knew that we couldn't get our wagons washed in time for the inspection. Such kind consideration for an overworked section (?) is most gratifying.

Where does all the surplus baggage come from and where does it go to, and what will be its end? The writer knows two or three fine, commodious and unoccupied ditches in the neighbourhood.

We heard last week that Postmaster Ward had lost his brazier; but why on earth he should hit straight for our lines to look for it passes our comprehension. It's a cinch none of our section would steal it. (Curious how a brazier can walk to the N.C.O.'s tent.)

Did anyone notice the latest in noses? Go and see the sergeant's mare, it resembles a cross between a bull-moose and a rhinoceros. Funny work somewhere.

The N.C.O.'s of this section have for some three weeks' past been considering the possibilities of Flanders air as a medicine for fattening horses. After looking at the matter from every angle they have concluded that it is no good unless combined with a certain portion of straw.

We wonder who is getting the "forty-twa's" extra hay and oats. They seem to think that it is us, but bless you, we have so much of our own that we don't need it.

Last week a most urgent call for chloride of lime came from the trenches, as all urgent calls do at 2 o'clock on a rainy morning. Thinking that someone had struck a graveyard, a team was hastily hitched up and an N.C.O. placed in charge of three drums of the precious "stink." They arrived at headquarters, and dug out a growling batman to receive the valuable freight. To

their joy they discovered nine drums and fourteen cans in the kitchen being used as tables, chairs, etc.; on leaving for home the N.C.O. asked the batman for a seat to sit on in the limber, and on arrival at stables found that he was sitting on a can of CHLORIDE OF LIME.

We are sorry to note that of late one of our N.C.O.'s has fallen a victim to the "fried chips" habit. He is fast becoming incurable, as is the case with all other habits. The victim stops at no means to obtain his fatal "dope."

Two days ago we were going to the dump for the rations and caught up to the coal team winding its thoughtful way to town, and—oh! well, never mind, everything else on the road was catching up to it, too.

For the last month or so our horses have been suffering pretty badly with the scratches. We also note some of the drivers suffering from them, too.

Did you ever have about a dozen horses that you couldn't sell, give away, or dispose of in any manner? The trials and tribulations of Corporal Young in this connection were sad to behold.

THE DREAM OF HOME.

WHO has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream
of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon,
too fleet,
When far o'er land or sea we
roam.

Sunshine more bright may o'er us fall,
To greener shores we back may roam;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
The dream of home, the dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far
His light bark speeds o'er ocean's foam,
What charms him most when ocean's star
Smiles o'er the wave:
The dream of home, the dream of home.
Fond thoughts of absent ones he loves
At that sweet hour around him come;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
The dream of home, the dream of home.

ANON.

WHAT WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.



THE name of the officer who indented for a horse and was supplied with a bicycle?

When our worthy M.O.'s rank of lance-corporal will appear in battalion orders?

How a certain sergeant in "C" Co. likes hot air *à la* bellows?

Whether the "Chef do Turps," now he has been attached to the 42nd, will apply for a kilt?

The name of the gentleman who, having switched his letters, had to go to Paris to settle affairs?

The name of the officer who carries his identification disc in his purse, and gives as his reason that the purse is the first place that anyone would look when seeking his identity?

Who's next for leave?

Why is it that a certain S.M. has to be pulled out of bed every morning by the lady at his billet, and if the assistance of her daughter is really necessary?

Who it was who got the letters to two young ladies crossed, and how the affair terminated?

What our pay corporal thought of the photo. when it arrived?

How certain gentlemen liked the liquor when left behind as guards?

What is the name of the N.C.O. in "B" Company who was so disgusted at church parade being cancelled that he drowned his sorrow in drink?

Also did he know one of his senior officers, and why did he mistake the gatepost for the sentry?

The size of the two Stetson hats about to be given to certain members of this battalion?

Who finds the Q.M.S. store an unhealthy place when after the issue?

Why a certain gentleman finds the censoring of letters so annoying when there is a prospect of a game of penny nap?

Who stole the Orderly Room post box?

How many post boxes are needed to light the brazier of the Orderly Sergeant?

Who it is who gets letters from certain ladies under the guise of being a lonely soldier?

The name of the Company-Sergeant-Major who does not allow card-playing in the house of the billet, but beats the boys at their own game in the barn?

The exact contents of the letter sent by the Pioneers to the Q.M.S., and did they appertain to the eternal question?

Was their request granted? (Yes.—Editor.)

Why certain policemen and others suddenly quit hunting for souvenirs?

How one of our officers likes being lost in "no man's land"?

If a bateman didn't forget to bring home his master's kit from the trenches, and how the officers appreciated the soft curves of the tent floor?

Who was the fair innkeeper's daughter who was visiting the Q.M.S. store when the above officer called after his kit?

And if the girl knocked the sugar basin over in her attempt to hide???

If the Grenade officers' ex-cook is not likely to have a breach case on his hands, and if Mary is the fair one's name?

Are *all* batemen garrulous and addicted to worshipping Bacchus, and does the Q.M. take an inventory immediately after any member of the above clan has left the store?

Who is the corporal, and a 49er at that, who fell when carrying the rum ration up to his billet, and was it only the smell of it that overcame him?

Whether the S.M. indented for a horse and received a bicycle, oats, and hay, and where did he get his riding pants?

Who is the author of this dope?

The name of the officer who sent as an answer to a certain message "No rations received"?

How a certain captain likes sarcastic letters *re* Germans on parapet?

Who is O. C. Pigeons?

Who stole the penknife from a certain washlady, and why is it he is always so willing to take socks to be washed?

The name of the officer who in the dark ran foul of a limber, the reason, and what did the teamster say?

How much gas will generate if a spoonful of water is poured on to 2 ozs. of carbide, and how much hot air is necessary to blow up the P.C.'s lamp?

Answer to the above will be given by a prominent member of this battalion hailing from Grouard.



THE ROSS WANTS THE CUT-OFF.

Manager, Lieutenant F. S. WINSER.
Editor, Corporal JOHN L. WARD.
Assistant-Manager, Sergeant J. B. DALY.
Sub-Editor, Sergeant W. B. THOMAS.
Advertising Manager, Private ROBERT HUNTER.
Circulation Manager, Corporal JOHN L. WARD.
Financial Secretary, Sergeant R. G. DORWAY.
Sporting Editor, Sergeant J. DOWNTON.

EDITORIAL.

THE fourth number is now before you, and though it should not be mentioned, I cannot help but do so; this has been the hardest number of all to publish. We have been in the trenches on our own, and moves have been many, and when all is considered the way of the Editor has been a little more thorny than heretofore. Personally, as you all know, I am one of those who stay behind and carry on, and amongst these duties is that of whipping into shape the magazine, and with good luck it is hoped that the opinion of the boys will be as good as it was for the third number. My thanks are due to all for the kind words of congratulation that I have received from all sides. It is a pleasure to know that even though one does not kill Germans he has been the means of bringing a little pleasure in this none too gay life. To all the contributors I say thank you, for if it were not that you have helped me to the extent you have my efforts would have been in vain.

Many schemes are on foot, and amongst them is the formation of a brigade magazine, in which the doings of the four battalions will be chronicled, and which will, to those of the brigade, form a very valuable work in the ages that are yet to come. This idea has great possibilities, and is of such a nature that if it is undertaken will entail a great deal of work, but however great the work may be it must not be allowed to interfere with the publication of THE FORTY-NINER. This child of my brain is but in infancy, and suggestions are asked from all who care to put pen to paper to make the path a little easier for one who is not an expert in the publishing line. So send in your ideas; and while on this question all kinds of matter is

asked for, and if at any time any of our readers think he sees where there is room for improvement his suggestion is welcomed, for it is not our object to make this magazine express the opinions and show the work of only a few, but for everyone to have a medium where he can make himself heard, and show that he takes an interest in the game. Many a time something happens that is funny enough for this magazine, and which "Punch" would pay well for. This may come to the ears of the staff and it may not, so anything you hear just put it on paper and send it along, and the first thing you know you will have all the editors in London after you.

In some future issue—and I say "some" with a great aforethought—we hope to publish a small history of all the little towns and villages we pass through, but this time is not yet, for we are harassed by the very necessary censor, and if we should try to print information of such a description methinks that the hat would be passed round to form a sinking fund as bail for the editorial staff, but the time will come when the freedom of the pen will hold sway, and then—

Even though it is a little late, the members of the editorial staff offer congratulations to the C.O. and the men of this battalion and brigade for the great praise from the divisional general on our vacation of the trenches. This is our first attempt, and praise comes; give us a few more months and a little more experience, and they will keep a specially typewritten form which will be given to all at the end of their little trick.

A certain gentleman of ours was the other day passing along the road to ——— when he was met by the jovial Major, who, ever ready to spring a joke, no matter whether it is old or only in its infancy, said in his very sweetest tones:

"Say, Mr. S——t, I hear that when the big drive towards Berlin begins they are going to bring out all the Canadian contractors."

"I have not heard so, but maybe it's true if you say so; but may I ask the reason?"

"Well, the reason is very apparent. They are the very men for the job, as they well know how to charge. Good morning, Mr. S——t."

BRIGADE SPORTS.



FLYING machines were flying overhead, sentinels of the air, the rapid pulse of the machine gun could be heard in the distance, while the staccato of the rifle fire of warring nations was ever present, only at times drowned by the dull crash of a bursting shell as our enemies tried to "land" one, and here we were enjoying the sports of the — Brigade as if peace instead of war was in the air, and the sun, seeing that our minds were made up to enjoy ourselves, came out in all its brightness, and we were favoured with the best day that we have seen for a long while.

Punctually at 2.25 p.m. General **MERCER**, accompanied by General **MCDONNELL**, arrived on the field, and five minutes afterwards everything was in full swing. The programme was divided into two parts—one the field sports and the other the horse events—both taking place at the same time in different parts of the field, and as that is the case we must report each one separately, beginning with the horse events.

But, before we go any further, let us see what was happening prior to the commencement of the sports. The first battalion to arrive on the field were the P.P.C.L.I., who with pipes playing marched in column of route to their allotted place, where, piling arms, they dismiss and wander over the field; they were quickly followed by the 42nd, making the air resound to their tuneful pipes—pipes we have heard and admired on so many occasions. Next came "ours," however, not with the band playing, as they were saving their efforts for later, as they played during the afternoon (and, of course, there had to be a laughable incident just as the 49th transport left their quarters. The teamster must have been in a very great hurry, as, in leaving the yard, his hind limber coming unhooked dumps his passengers into the **YOUNG** stream **FLOEN** alongside the **PARKES**, but we are able to report that no damage was done, and that the three survived the ordeal). We were followed by the R.C.R.'s, who arrived at 2 o'clock, but preceding all the battalions came the grenade school, who had marched down early determined to be there in time to get a front seat (in the mud). There were some four thou-

sand spectators on the field, all there determined on having the best possible time, and again was noticed the good feeling that exists amongst the Canadians, for it mattered not, officers and men were for the few hours on equal footing, and the last lance private was, one might almost say, "hobnobbing" with the senior officers present; such is the spirit that has won for Britain her battles in the present war.

The first of the horse events was a competition for the best gotten up general service wagon. In this event there were three entries—the 42nd, the P.P.C.L.I., and "ours." The horses were good all round, the harness was as bright as a new pin, and the wagons aglow with fresh paint. After parading before the judges, and one could not have picked fairer or better men for the job, the final decision was: First, 49th Battalion, with Driver **IRONS** and his sorrel and bay; second, the P.P.C.L.I., with Driver **SKEEN** and a pair of splendid bays; and third, the 42nd, with a very pretty team of greys.

The second event was for the best turned out limbered wagon. This always is a more interesting event than most, for the drivers are mounted postillion fashion with "four up," and as anyone knows the G.S. limber is not a toy. The first to parade before the judges were the P.P.C.L.I., with four bays attached to limber, on which had been expended a great amount of elbow grease; second comes the 49th, with a mixed team of greys and bays, and their limber also showed recent acquaintance with the paint-pot; third, we see the R.C.R.'s, with four very fair blacks and a good clean limber; and last, but not least, the 42nd, with a very mixed four of three colours, but, in spite of their mixture, they were able to pull down second prize, the first falling to the P.P.C.L.I., with Drivers **WALSH** and **BAKER** up.

The third event was the most "classic and classy" of all, it being the "class for officers' chargers." There were entries from all the battalions, and also from Brigade Headquarters. The horse-flesh showed that our officers not only know men but also horse-flesh when they see it, for there were some splendid mounts, and the riding showed that most of them had also been through the mill on the back of a "cayuse." After much manœuvring the first prize fell to Major

GAULT, D.S.O., of the P.P.C.L.I., and the second to our own "Commander-in-Chief."

Many had waited for the next event, which is one that always proves of the greatest interest, and when one heard the call "Wrestling on Horseback" the other events were forgotten and all flocked to see the fun. The first two teams who were matched against one another were the P.P.'s and the R.C.R.'s. Both sides were fairly evenly matched, and some good work on both sides was seen, both as to horsemanship and to the ability of parting one's opponent from his shirt. After a few minutes the fun was over and the P.P.'s were left victors. Immediately after followed the two teams best known to one another, the 42nd and ourselves. In our team, just to show that we have sportsmen in all the various ranks, we find a sergeant-major, one **MILES**; a drum-sergeant, one **BELCHER**; a sergeant, one **CASCADEN**; and a private, one **JACKSON**. "Stay with it, Charlie!" "Grab him by the leg, Jack!" and such remarks punctuate the cheers that arise as a particularly good piece of work is done by one of the boys. All of a sudden we see someone fall from his steed, and a smile radiates from the face of "Charlie," and we know that he has thrown his man, and so the game goes on until we see one from each side remaining mounted. They are placed at an interval apart and told to go to it, and the order is obeyed on the spot, and we soon see the only remaining P.P. on the ground a vanquished hero, and "Blondy," the vanquisher, astride his noble steed, having brought to the 49th the laurels of victory.

Next on the programme is the "Alarm Race," wherein the competitors have their horses unharnessed and tied to the limbers, they themselves taking their puttees, boots, and tunics off, and at the whistle blowing the hustle for the game is to get dressed and harnessed and at a certain point first. If every man in the various battalions worked and rose as did the drivers from the P.P.'s, the 42nd, and the 49th, there would be an end to fatigues, for **GILBERT**, the winner, had his puttees on while I was lighting a cigarette, and only one match was used, and the "Pats" man was not very much slower—in fact, he was the first away, and worked in a manner that showed his nationality (Irish). The second 49er was unlucky in having his harness put on the horse of a 42nd man, and as his was the best horse he decided to take

the harness off and try his best, and he went some at that. If that 42nd horse had been the better beast he would have won. But, then, our transport men are all honest (who said "Brazier"?). After a good deal of fun the final placing was Driver **GILBERT**, of the 49th, first, with Driver **CADOGAN**, of the P.P.C.L.I., a very close second.

The final horse event was the well-known one of the V.C. race, and a description is not necessary. There were two teams from the P.P.'s, the 42nd, and ourselves. Did you all see the start? Well, if you did not, did you see our corporal from the transport? He says the ground is harder than he thought, and what he said even scared the horse, so it was no place for a reporter. By the time the above little incident was over the two horses from the "Pats" are on their way home each with his "victim" astraddle the charger, and the final placing is: First, Privates **TURNER** and **ROLIE**; second, Privates **MOWSER** and **BAKER**.

While all this had been going on the field events were being run right close at hand, commencing with the sack race, in which there were twenty-four entries. Mail sacks were used, and as these are rather larger than the average sack the going was made easy, and the final showed the 49th first and second with Privates **WYNDHAM** and **WARBURTON**, respectively, and Private **CARDEN**, of the 42nd, third.

The Tug-of-War.—This, of course, was the event of events, and very keen were the various heats. The 42nd showed the best form outside the winners, and with practice will have a team that should hold their own; but after two good pulls the 49th proved too much for them, and won two out of the three. With the P.P.'s the same thing happened, and the state of affairs after the pulls were all through left the two 49th teams for the final pull, and, after careful deduction, it will be found that the 49th took first and second prize.

The four-legged race was a new item on the programme, and a change from the usual three-legged species. By the way the boys went at it and the pace that was set one is led to believe that the practice for this race was rather severe, for the falls were very few, and the winner came home at a 100 yards' pace, and Privates **GALLOWAY**, **CARDEN**, and **LIDDLE**, of the 42nd, who were winners, sure knew their game. It seems a shame to

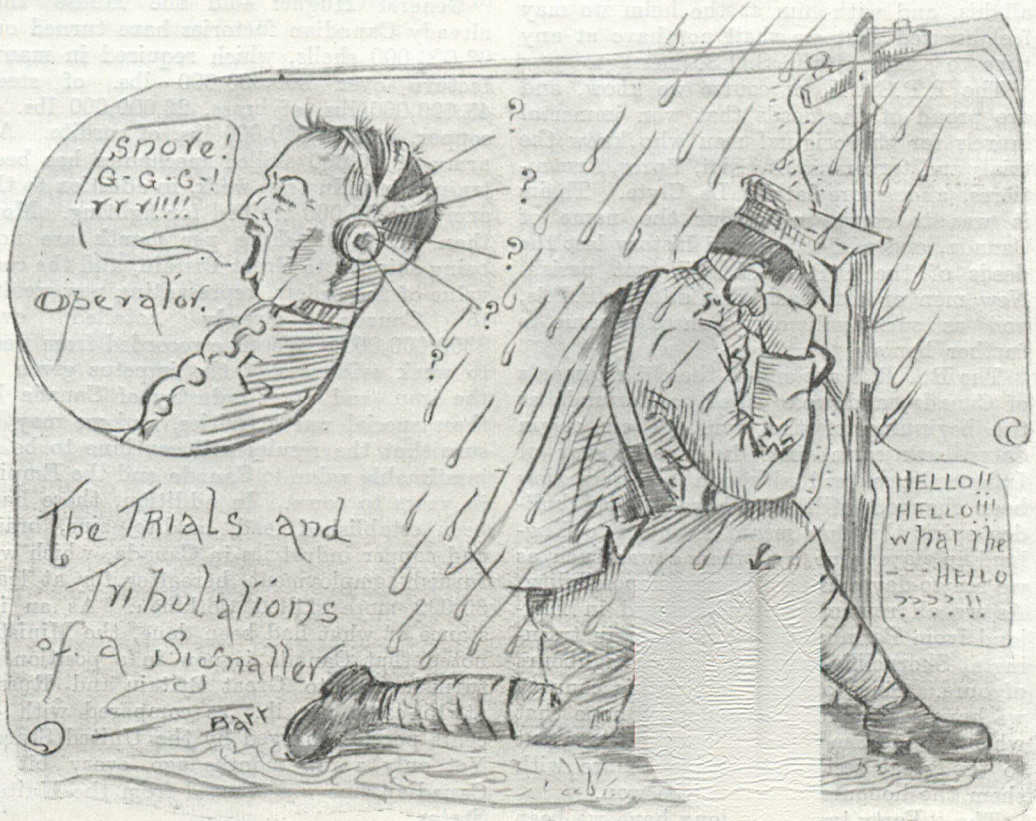
mention it, but the 49th were only able to claim second place.

The boat race was another new stunt, and, watching it from a distance and seeing eight men straddle a pole and all trying to beat the other in going backwards, would lead one to believe that a new kind of centipede had been found, but closer inspection showed the new game in progress with the pilots encouraging and exhorting their crews as to the best way to go, and, if one's imagination was allowed play, you could see a Henley Regatta in embryo. Sergeant **LALAINNE**, of the "Pats," steered his team to the goal first, closely followed by Private **DUKE**, of "Ours," and we believe had the "water" been deeper **DUKE** would have won.

The relay race was the final event, and was very keenly contested by all participants, all four battalions being represented with a team

of fifteen men each. The pace was fast, and showed that, in spite of wet trenches, the stamina of the boys is as good as ever it was, and God help the Huns if ever this brigade gets them on the run, especially the machine-gun section of the R.C.R.'s, who came out the winners, with the "Pats" second.

All was now over except the shouting, and this was there with a vengeance as Major-General **MERCER** gave the prizes to the various winners, remarking, as he did at one time: "General, are there only two battalions in this brigade?" After a speech from the General, in which he paid the brigade some people say well-earned compliments, cheers were given for the Divisional General, the Brigadier, and the committee, and then the battalions, falling in, marched to their billets conscious of having had a very enjoyable day's sport.



"WE'UNS AND CO."



SINCE the last issue many things have happened, not only to us, but to three other battalions. The 42nd, the P.P.C.L.I., and the R.C.R.'s are with us in the brigade, and we as a battalion can congratulate ourselves that our lot has been thrown in with such well-known battalions. Our General, one Macdonnell, is a Strathcona Horse man, and is well known wherever Canadian troops may be found. He has won his spurs on the field of battle, his first baptism of fire being in South Africa, where he served as a lieutenant. Then Canada knew him, and his activities there won him warm praise from General Sir S. Hughes. At the outbreak of war he was one of the first to volunteer, and came to England with the first contingent, and such has been his work since that date that a brigadiership and a C.M.G. are now all his, and with him at the helm we may feel assured that we shall not have at any time to send out the S.O.S. message.

The P.P.C.L.I. of course we know, and are proud of the deeds that won immortal laurels for the original men who knew the trials and terrors of St. Eloi, Ypres, Armentières, and, more lately, Le Clyde. Theirs it was to carry to honour the name of Canada, and while time and history last the deeds of the P.P.C.L.I. will not perish. New men or old, each and all are P.P.'s, and as such will carry on the name to further honour.

The R.C.R.'s are one of the old regiments of Canada, and were called to Bermuda at the beginning of the war. Their origin dates back some time during the war of Independence, and although the name has been changed, still they have the old bulldog spirit that has meant so much to England in days gone by, when a war such as we see to-day was thought an impossibility. As we all remember, they arrived in England from Bermuda while we were in training at Shorncliffe, and were close neighbours of ours. Since our arrival in this country we have seen much of them, and hope that when we and the rest of the brigade are put to the great test that we may share with them the honours that must be won.

The "Forty-twa." So long have we been

together that it is now a password that if anyone wants to find the 42nd, look for a 49th man and *vice versa*. The 42nd is a battalion of the Royal Canadian Highlanders, and was raised at the outbreak of war in Montreal, a city that has sent many of her best to give their lives for the cause. Many are the "scraps" that we have had on the field of battle. Of course, it was the football field, the baseball pitch, and the canteen that heard our rousing battle cries, but nevertheless, as of yore, we were friends and companions. May we be preserved to come back to Canada and share in the joy of the Dominion at the conclusion of peace.

Times will come when the 42nd will be tested to the utmost, but never a fear have we that they will come through, adding more honours to the Royal Highlanders of Canada.

The 49th "Billy's Own." 'Nuff said.

General Hughes told the House that already Canadian factories have turned out 22,000,000 shells, which required in manufacture over 800,000,000 lbs. of steel, 45,000,000 lbs. of brass, 22,000,000 lbs. of copper, and 10,000,000 lbs. of cordite. An army of 90,000 skilled mechanics has been trained in industrial work, in addition to the army of 250,000 trained for fighting. More than 1,100,000 shells per month are now being shipped to Great Britain, and the cash value of the orders, representing new wealth to Canada, already totalled over \$350,000,000. We have recorded from week to week evidences of the impetus given to the iron and steel industry of Canada by these special war activities, and we may be sure that the results will continue to be of inestimable value to Canada and the Empire in years to come. In addition, there have been established lead, cordite, zinc, brass, and copper industries in Canada, which will furnish employment hereafter for at least 30,000 more skilled workmen. As an instance of what had been done, the Minister noted that Canada is now in a position to furnish zinc to Great Britain and Russia at 15 cents per lb., as compared with 42 cents per lb. charged by the United States. Yet only a few months ago every bit of Canadian zinc was secured from the United States.

BATTALION ORDERS.

By **LIEUT.-COL. MOSES.**

Commanding 4th Battalion Israelites.

October 25, 5,000 B.C.

OUT OF BOUNDS.—No N.C.O. or MAN is allowed to visit the estaminets in the land of the Canaanites, Hittites, Aniorites, Hivites, and Jebusites, as these are for officers only.

RATION RETURN.—Ration returns must be handed in to the Orderly Room by R.Q.M.S. Hur every day.

ARMS.—Ross Rifles, now being obsolete, must now be exchanged at Q.M. Stores for bows and arrows.

EQUIPMENT.—Oliver equipment may be given away, if men can find anyone who will accept it.

STRENGTH DECREASE.—Pte. Joseph, whose remains have been transferred to Etham, is struck off the strength.

APPOINTMENT.—Miriam, the cousin of the C.O., is appointed Sergeant Cook as from this date, as the C.O. considers that it is about time that someone who can cook was appointed to this job.

BOMBING.—Lieut. Joshua will attend a bombing course on 29th inst., to be held at Edmonton, that being the only civilised place known at the present time.

CLOTHING.—The Quartermaster will issue trews in place of kilts, as the latter are now out of fashion.

INTELLIGENCE.—The Intelligence Platoon, consisting of the undermentioned, will investigate the barbed wire in the land of Canaan:—

Sgt. Oshea.

Pte. Shammua.

„ Shaphat.

„ Caleb.

„ Igal.

„ Palti.

„ Gaddiel.

„ Gaddi.

„ Ammiel.

„ Sethur.

„ Nahbi.

„ Genel.

ANTI-FROST.—The Quartermaster will arrange for a liberal supply of anti-frost or whale oil, so that there can be no excuse for a man going to hospital with a broken leg. Anti-frost and whale oil will cure all ailments.

LEAVE.—Officers, N.C.O.'s, and men should receive one day extra if proceeding to Ireland or Scotland, these places being considered the most northerly points known in the wilderness.

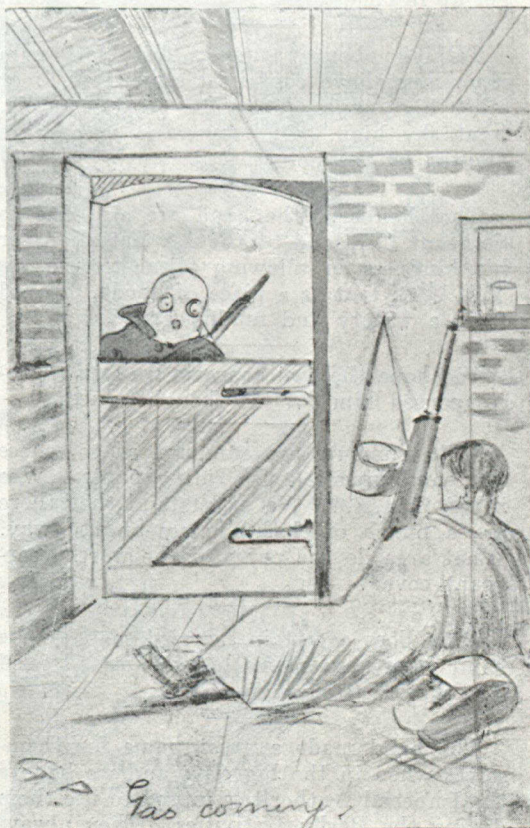
BOARD.—A board composed as under will assemble, at a time to be notified later, for the purpose of investigating the fig leaves issued to this battalion:—

President: Major Jethro.

Members: Capt. Gershom.

Lieut. Eliezer.

AARON, Capt. and Adjt.,
4th Battalion.





THE band of the 49th Battalion wish to thank most heartily Bandmaster Timberlake and the members of the 9th Reserve Battalion band (the old 101st) for the large packet of tobacco and cigarettes.

Congratulations to Collins, who can now get up in time to secure his ration of bacon.

Talking about rations! That last rum issue must have contained some T.N.T. or other high explosive, as the band certainly went sky high. Of course, no names are allowed by the Censor.

The thanks of the band are also due to Sergeant Copeland of the 1st Battalion for his kindness in allowing them to use his Y.M.C.A. tent as a place of abode. Saved from a watery and muddy grave.

We hope the two concerts we put on recompensed him for his thoughtfulness.

Wild rumours are rampant as to where the band procured the riding pants. Was it the C.M.R.? We understand that there are a bunch of clothes-horses on the way. What area do the pants of the worthy sergeant cover?

Why does a certain married man in the band receive so many letters and parcels? Are they all from wife?

The band made a great name for themselves when in the big city, and we believe the Imperial Authorities intend to use them during the Berlin festivities. They always played to crowded audiences, both at night

and at the matinée performances, and the many Imperial and Colonial battalions never failed to ask the name of the band. Some class to us, what with riding pants and hobnobbing with nothing less than a General.

The bandmaster has broken his bâton (that's the club he uses on unruly members). Now's a chance for some of the millionaires who wish to do something for poor suffering humanity. (I hate to ask, don't you know.)

Funny the ways of folks are. Since our arrival in the big burg it was noticeable how some of the boys cleaned their buttons and boots, waxed their moustaches, and parted their hair in the middle—in the middle. Echo? Why, sure that's the reason.

We wonder when the band sergeant is going to be issued with a new tunic, or whether he will still have to use gasoline?

Where was a certain man when he lost his paybook?

Captain McGreer, Chaplain of the 3rd Field Ambulance, 'twas he who made us comfortable, censored our letters, rustled us rations, and did all in his power to make us feel at home in the huge town. We thank him not with a mere artificial thanks, but with one that has some meaning.

What an honour was paid to our band cannot be better expressed in the fact that they were chosen to play before the generals representing the Allied nations, namely, British, French, Russian, Italian, Servian, Japanese, and Belgian, when General Alderson gave a dinner in their honour. Each and every general personally thanked the band for their excellent performance and wished them every success, and said that any battalion should be proud to have a band of such a high standard. Of course, they were given a supper themselves, when from what can be gathered the cigars and cigarettes were the most enjoyed. If by any chance you should mention this fact to the worthy sergeant don't ask him how he enjoyed the cigars, because he didn't.

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN BREAST



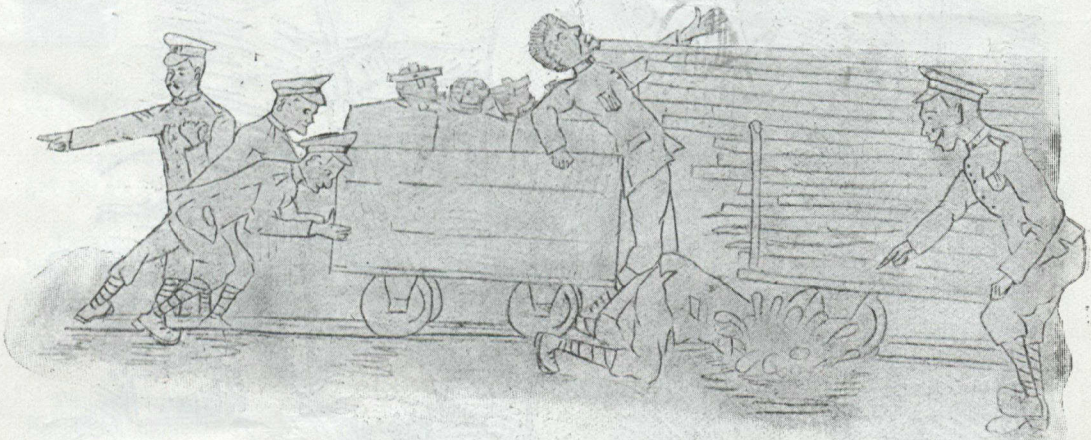
WORKING PARTIES AS WE KNOW THEM.

WERE you ever on a "working party"? No, I did not say at a working party. You are thinking of one of those delightful little parochial gatherings where the vicar's wife, his two charming daughters, and the usual variegated collection of females of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions assemble for the purpose of making shirts, socks, and other comforts for the sol-

sportive mud-larking is inseparable from the business of the night.

Eventually we arrive at the place where work begins. Here we unload transport wagons that are piled high with an assortment of material which the Engineers use in their efforts to convert sunken rivers of stagnant mud into trenches which it is possible to walk along without running the risk of being mired. This material is loaded on trucks. These little trips are not always without incidents of an exciting nature.

If you are detailed for a carrying party you can figure on having a "whale of a time," for even a whale comes to the surface



NOT ALWAYS WITHOUT INCIDENTS OF AN EXCITING NATURE.

diers. Which "other comforts" take form in about as many varieties as "Heinz." To describe them would baffle the most conscientious efforts of even an American journalist, and their number is like the devil's legion. No. The working party I mean differs from these in many respects. Take a night working party, for instance. To start with, we fall in; then we start—that is, if we are unlucky; if we are lucky we do not start, we stay "home." The rest is easy. One merely marches along in a smart and soldierlike manner, avoiding the mud-holes one sees and falling into a great many one does not see. Of course, on active service there is a good deal of latitude, and one may reverse the process and fall into the mud-holes one sees and by so doing avoid quite a few of the others. It does not matter; the results are the same. All this is "by the way." Mere

once in a while. If it happens to be one of those dark, inky, wet nights that are so common "somewhere in France" at this time of the year, you will enjoy it—years after—telling your grandchildren about it.

The "outsider" must be possessed of a vivid imagination to appreciate pleasures of this absorbing (if it is raining) pastime. Imagine a country that man has done his worst to make muddy, couple this with abysmal darkness, caved-in trenches, and any device that the reader's own imagination can supply, and then you have no idea what it is like. Add to this bright star-lights that only help to accentuate the darkness, the ping-ping-ping of the machine-gun bullets as they fly by, and then you have a fair idea of what it might be like. But it is not, sometimes it is not nearly so bad; but at other times it is—quite interesting.

He who has not revelled in the delights or tasted the sweet ecstasy of floundering in the mud by night with a load on his back, jumping trenches, tripping over wires, walking across, or falling off, trench-mats, bridges, and in general disporting himself in a manner wholly irresponsible and utterly demented, has not missed much.

But, still, so curious a thing is the human mind when contemplating the minor discomfitures of others, that if someone takes upon himself to raise drooping spirits by accidentally precipitating himself head first into an exceptionally muddy hole, his efforts on these lines are usually a marked success, and rarely fail to raise us to a depth of feeling limited only by the depth of the hole in question.

Like most earthly joys, transitory and fleeting, these little expeditions come to an end at length, and we turn our footsteps homeward. Some of us, no doubt, wonder how a certain division got trenches dug or repaired, barbed-wire entanglements built, and any of the hundred and one "jobs" done that are apparently so important a part of modern warfare, before "Ours" arrived on the scene. The homeward journey is usually uneventful, and, billets reached, we have our supper, roll into our blankets, and are soon fast asleep.

L. E. R.

hope that God will watch over and guard one who is so kind to us, and who visits those of us who have been wounded and are now in the hospital around Shorncliffe. If ever one was doing their little bit in the Old Country truly is this dear old lady, who has the 49th ever in her thoughts. I believe that she would appreciate some letters from the boys, and with this in view her address is appended:—

Mrs. C. Paget Gibins,
Fairmead, Blackhouse Hill,
Hythe, Kent.

Again it is our pleasure to offer our sincere thanks to the Y.M.C.A. for the manner in which they have catered to the boys of the battalion. Many are the kindnesses which we have received from the hands of Sergeant Copeland, who was in charge of the 1st Brigade Y.M.C.A. Their tent was always open and civility was ever present. The band used the tent for their home for several days, and an offer was extended to the battalion to use the tent as a post office. Concerts were held there almost nightly, and many a spare hour was spent there in writing letters, playing games, or reading the papers provided. While the boys were in the trenches some 3,000 sheets of paper were sent out to them through the agency of this well-known institution.

NEWS ON GOING TO PRESS.



ANY are the congratulations we have received from all the well-wishers of this battalion, and the magazine has come in for its share, but of all the good wishes the one we appreciate most is one received from the Prime Minister of Canada, the Right Honourable Sir Robert L. Borden, G.C.M.G., K.C., M.P., who in a few pithy words wishes us success in everything we undertake and congratulates us on the magazine, and adds the following message:—"Success and victory attend you. Canada's honour is in your keeping." And we feel certain that the 49th will do their part.

Mrs. Paget Gibins sends us New Year greetings, and wishes all the possible good wishes for the ensuing year, and we only

It is no doubt a well-known fact that we are not the only battalion in the field when it comes to the publishing of a magazine. Several others are in front of me, and a few words concerning them would not come amiss.

The "Dead Horse Corner Gazette" is the official journal of the 4th Battalion. The title of this magazine is rather misleading, as it would lead one to believe that it was dead, but that is far from the case, as the contents are well up to the margin of any of the first-class magazines on the market, and the editor is to be congratulated on his production, and "après le guerre finis" no doubt Private Trowsdale will spread his wings over greater fields and run as competitor for the editorship of the "Times." Keep up the work that is so essential in this stage of the game, and give the boys something to make them forget their surroundings.

The "Listening Post" is another battalion magazine that has sway in these parts, and has for a parent Captain F. W. Orr of the 7th Battalion. This journal, though consisting of only a few sheets, has crowded into its columns many a pithy article, and the jokes on the various unfortunates who come under the editorial pen no doubt are only waiting to get their own back. Each number is as bright as the former, and No. 10, which has just been received, shows no falling off. We congratulate Captain Orr and his staff of co-workers on their paper.

The "Iodine Chronicle" is the official organ of the 1st Canadian Field Ambulance, and is, as is their medicine, full of nourishment of a literary and beneficial kind. The material is admirable, the whole editorial staff is to be "shaken hands with" on their production. It is good to see other than combatant units entering the field (of literature), and it is to be hoped that their efforts in this line may prove as successful as their lancet in another and entirely different line, and this one of their first numbers before me augurs well for the future.

We have also received the "Sportsman's Gazette," which represents the 23rd and 24th Service Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, also the 30th R.F. This newsy little periodical is somewhat larger than the majority and has the advantage of being edited in the Homeland, and to us youngsters it is a grey-haired veteran, as it is already in the thirtieth number of the second volume, and still going strong. Private Snodgrass, and a right good name, too, who is the man at the helm, seems to have steered his barque well, and we hope that no ill winds will cross his path.

The "Splint Record" is the last on the list of battalion magazines placed before me. This is the budget of the 2nd Canadian Field Ambulance, and is choke full of good things, e'en though the price would at these hard times tax the purse of a millionaire. It is a six-page magazine, and is good medicine for all those who have the price to pay the admission fee to the contents.

And while I am on the subject of reviews, would it not be a good idea if we as editors could not exchange articles which have been contributed by boys of our own units, and so bind the ties a little closer and draw a

closer net around the big family of Canadians now doing their best for the Motherland.

The British Museum, through the medium of the Daily Press, asked for copies of the battalion FORTYNINER, and, of course, nothing like this could be allowed to pass, so away went two numbers, so we see glory awaits for those who push and that pull will not always do the trick. At present no answer as to the safe arrival is to hand, but we have no doubt that by this time they are there and displayed in the most conspicuous place possible, and if when on leave you have nothing better to do, spend a few hours there and hunt up the battalion news sheet.

Several other magazines have been received, such as the "Brazier," "Trench Echo," etc. We regret that space will not allow a review, but in the next issue we will not forget or allow space to crowd them out.

Our sincere thanks are due to the many kind friends who have sent this battalion Christmas gifts of all kinds, including tobacco, socks, clothing, pocket-books, cigars, candy, and many other things. Those whose names are not included in this list will know that it is not lack of appreciation, but rather an oversight on our part for not remembering the names of so many kind donors:—

Miss Plummer, Canadian Comforts Commission.

Canadian War Contingent.

Several of the Nursing Sisters who travelled in the "Metagama."

Lieut. Houghton, 9th Reserve Battalion.

The Officers of the 9th Reserve Battalion.

"Edmonton Journal."

Miss Garner, of Liverpool.

Lieut. P. J. Belcher.

Edmonton Club.

Mrs. Gregory.

The Earl of Dundonald (cigars for the pipers).

The Band of the 9th Reserve Battalion.

The Women of Canada.

Liverpool Civil Service League.

Also we have received Christmas cards from every Canadian battalion in each contingent and from many British regiments; from General French, General Alderson, the Prime Minister of Canada, and very many others. It is nice to know that while we are away on a foreign shore those we have left keep our memory green.

A small article handed to the editorial staff from one Y.M.C.A. canteen detailing the work and turnover for eighteen days in January might be of interest:—The amount of paper distributed free was 30,000 sheets, the number of envelopes distributed free were 10,000, the amount of reading matter distributed free was 500 pounds. This matter included "John Bull," "Tit-Bits," "T.P.'s Weekly," "Pearson's Weekly," "Boxing," "Health and Strength," "Saturday Journal," "Weekly Telegraph," "The Regiment," "Tit-Bits Novels," "Answers," and many others.

In the canteen business was very brisk, as the following figures will show:—The amount of goods bought, 9,282 francs; the amount of goods sold, 6,000 francs; which shows a daily average of 488 francs and 315 francs respectively. All the above goods were purchased at the Expeditionary Force Canteen, and the margin of profit allowed

just covered the working expenses of the two tents, which amounted to 397 francs.

A concert was held weekly for the battalions as they were billeted in divisional reserve. These concerts were always very largely patronised, and well liked by all the boys. The gentleman who gave these facts and figures is reluctant in allowing his name to be mentioned, but we know for a fact that all the work was done by a staff of two men, and one of these was half of his time away on Y.M.C.A. business, so when one thinks of the work done they cannot but fail to realise the difficulties that had to be overcome. We of the 49th thank the two who composed the staff of the canteen in which this business was transacted.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to our Brigadier, and we hope that his wounds will be of such a nature that no ill effects will result, and that we may soon see him once more amongst us, ready to carry on.



LEAVES FROM OUR CARTOONIST'S SKETCH - BOOK.

No. 1.—Character Study of a Forty-Niner.

The Editor has much pleasure in offering a handsome prize, consisting of 20 volumes of the "Forty-Niner," to the first member of the Battalion who identifies the portrait shown here, drawn by our brilliant cartoonist, Geo. Brown. To the second correct solution will be awarded 10 volumes of our famous magazine. In all cases of dispute the Editor's opinion will be final.

All entries must be in by the 31st July, 1932.

MACHINE GUN SPARKS.



UCK, on No. 1 gun, made a name for himself when he got "Starlight Bill." If he wasn't put out of commission, he was sure badly scared by the 250 bullets that wound around his head.

If you don't know what "crumbs" or "seam squirrels" are, ask the gun section. The boys are thinking of crossing breeds and producing a new species unlike anything yet seen. Record for size and quantity held by No. 2 gun.

Query.—Who is No. 6 on No. — gun who takes the cake as a quick-change of scenery artist when the shells start coming?

How did it come that the team on a certain gun got more liquid refreshment when returning from the trenches than the others? And they were only issued with one ration! Where did the surplus come from?

Who was the man on S.P. — who mistook the big "Whyte" cat for one of the multitudinous rats while on duty in the early hours of the morning and woke up the remainder of the section to see it?

When the shells started coming, it is said that a certain two with No. — gun fought over who would get the best and first place in the shell trench.

Why was it that we saw more of one sergeant than another during our stay in the trenches, and why was it that only one handled the rum?

Sergeant P— has become an inveterate cigarette smoker from all appearances. Is it because a certain Margate damsel sent him a package with hopes that he would enjoy "the smokes"?

Who is the next volunteer from the machine-gun transport for a night in the trenches, and why was the last invitation misunderstood?

When are the revolvers, so often mentioned, expected to arrive, and how about that reserve section?

Which gun crew is it that claims to have "felled" three Fritz's one night? Was it really true or was this an item as yet unpublished in the "Gazette" dope?

Who was responsible for the ration mix-up in the various sub-sections on a certain occasion, and where shall we place the blame?

What happened to the rations No. 2 section drew while in the trenches, and who developed the toast habit?

Was cold tea and dry bread considered a hot meal by the men who were sent home to get supper ready?

Is the bath house still in the same place as it was when the gun section left it?

Which machine gunner has a monopoly on the washing water at the billets?

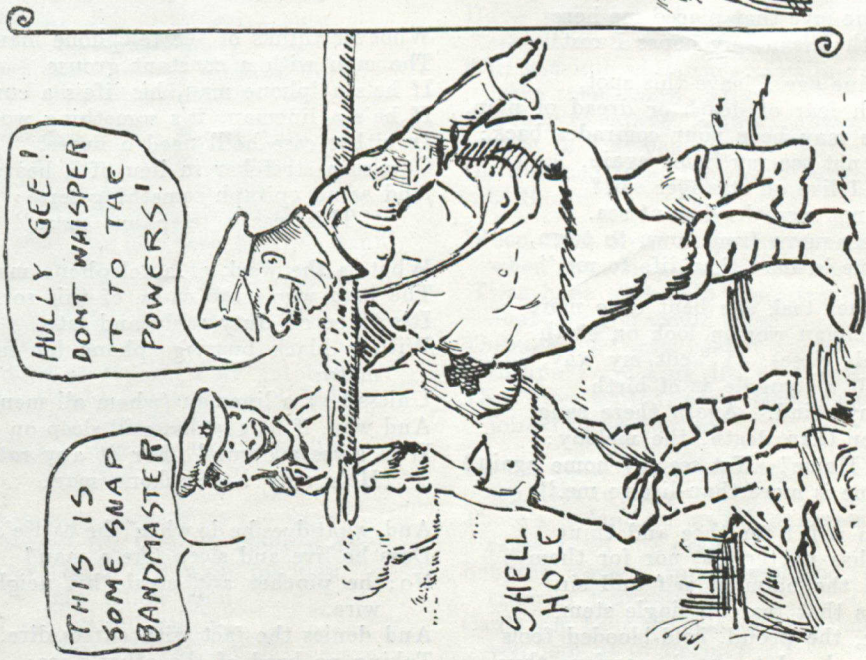
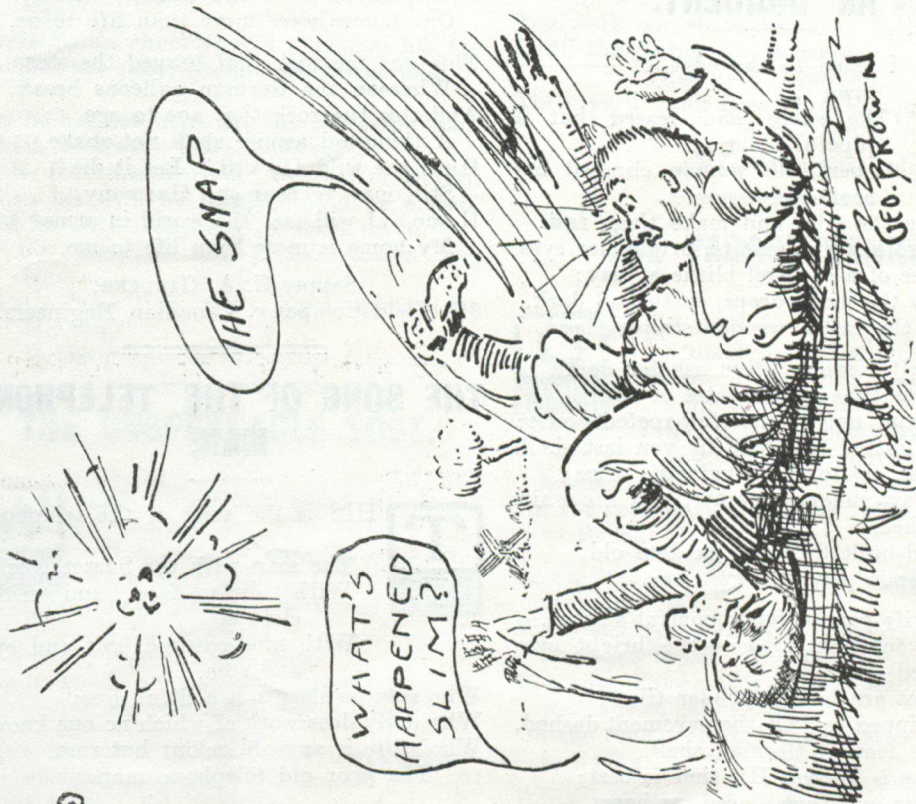
Why did a certain C.S.M. decorate a post in the trenches with a bandolier in mistake for a gunner?

If a certain sergeant in the M.G. section has recovered from his trench feet and insomnia?

If our O.C. has fully recovered from the shock of seeing the M.G. section working like an ordinary soldier?

We understand that a certain M.G. sergeant is to be presented with a Stetson hat.

During one of the tricks in the trenches by a certain battalion well known to us, a certain high officer was passing through, and, stopping, asked a private for his smoke helmet, which was given up without a murmur. Now this same officer on his way home meets a working party on their way to the trenches. He stops them, and orders a smoke helmet parade there and then. When all had donned their helmets and returned them to their satchels, the officer remarked that they were rather slow and offered to show them how to do it. Of course, to this there had to be a lot of preamble, and while talking he takes his "smoke helmet" out and, taken up with his instructions, he does not notice that he is trying to put a pair of dirty socks on his head as a protection against "gas."



DAILY OCCURENCES

AN INCIDENT.



I came to the edge of ——— town

(The shells had ceased but a pipeful past),

A bent old woman climbed her roof

To raise the tiles and make them fast.
Quick were her movements, bright her eyes
As those of a squirrel blithe at bay;
But I saw the blood-drops, small and dark,
Where the fallen wooden slippers lay.

“Mother,” I said, “You ask for death
To linger thus at the gates of hell.
See but your neighbour’s low-roofed house:
It was gutted and torn by yon last shell.
Rouse thee, fly to Old England’s arms;
Thou hast suffered for her, and she waits
for thee.

Her broad-built fires and gardens old
Call thee in pity across the sea.

The old wife paused for a moment’s space.
“Who fears to die?”—the bright eyes
flashed—

“Our lives are but as yonder tile
That slipped and on the pavement dashed.
I have no fear of German shell.
His time is known, His time is best;
And on the love that placed me here
My faith I lean, my hopes I rest.

“If in mine age I leave this spot,
Through fear of death or dread of pain,
The years may bear your comrades back:
I shall not see my home again.
How can I live on stranger soil?
I have not seen the distant sea.
Tho’ others move from town to town,
My home is more than life to me.”

Down to her task she bent once more
(For Belgian women look on earth
Till eyelids close). I went my way,
And felt a struggle as of birth
Within my mind. Again there rang,
Stronger than death, the melody:
“Home! Home! Not see my home again?
My home is more than life to me.”

O Belgian wife! for thee and thine
Death has no terrors, nor for them
That find the balm of self and sin
In roots that rear no single stem.
Had they, the proud, cold-blooded fools
That pandered to men’s passions thus,

Deep-planted loves and humble hearts,
Our homes were more than life to us.

This was the rock that braved the storm,
Whereon the German galleons break,
And this the rock that age to age
A thousand armies shall not shake.
Hush the wild Discord! Let it die!
Still may ye hear the Harmony
Home! I will face the world in arms!
My home is more than life to me.

Sapper C. A. GIRDLER,
6th Field Company, Canadian Engineers.

THE SONG OF THE TELEPHONE MAN.



HIS is the song of the telephone man,

The man with the buzzer box,
With dirty face and filthy
clothes,

With mud-covered hair and eyes
and nose,

Who gets no sleep but a fitful dose,
Who daily does work of which no one knows,
Who’s life is any old colour but rose.
The poor old telephone man.

Whoever thinks of the telephone man,
The man with a constant grouse.
If he’s a ’phone man, his life’s a curse;
If he’s a lineman, it’s something worse.
In either case he’ll need a nurse,
Or else a stretcher in lieu of a hearse,
And as an epitaph something terse:
“This was a telephone man.”

What is the work of a telephone man,
The man who’s the cause of this sorrow?
It’s to be on duty early and late,
With a black buzzing ’phone for his only
mate;

Unless he’s a lineman (whom all men hate),
And who, if he’s lucky, will sleep on a gate.
Who gives a damn? For at any rate
He’s only a telephone man.

And what does he do when the battle’s done?
Does he live and sleep like a man?
No; he pinches and steals his neighbours’
wire,
And denies the fact with curses dire,
Taking no heed of the other’s ire;

And St. Peter above stutters, "What a liar";
While Satan chuckles and rakes up his fire
For the poor, doomed telephone man.

But he has one hope has the telephone man,
Which he always bears in mind.
Be he from Cumberland, Surrey, or Devon,
When his wire by rights should be eleven,
And he only shows a very short seven.
In his cheerful life there's scarce any
leaven.

"Let's hope they don't have 'phones in
Heaven,"
Is the prayer of the telephone man

THE UNSPEAKABLE SCOT.

WHEN Billie Mac asked Bandsman
Jock
Hoo mony Huns he'd like tae
choke,
John blithely answered, "Man,
I'd boke
Wae joy and glae
'Sin I could get yae sonsy poke
At Wihlemns 'ee.

"When we wer' workin' wae the Twin
We wist tae winner 'whits the din'
Until we saw Bill Griesbach's chin
Work overtime;
An' knew that he was breakin' in
His Forty-nine.

"We couldna jine a better baun
Wi' sich a cornel in commaun'.
It wis an easy job tae laun'
Three guid recruits
Wha'd fecht fur him wae hert an haun',
Ye bet yer buits."

Said Jock, "Yi min' that New Year's
nicht
When doon at feyther's we got ticht.
We little thocht hoo sune we'd fecht
In trenches wet,
Nor rush tae sink oor ba'net bricht
In German fat."

Here Atkinson chimed in tae say:
"I've longed fur this fur mony a day,
But never thocht I'd want tae slay
My fellow man
Until I saa aroun' me lay
This pillaged lan'."

"Well, here we are, an' here we'll bide,
Tae wark oor share whate'er betide,
Until the Kaiser's boys decide
They've had enuech.
Then we'll gang hame tae Edmonton
Tae haud the peuch."

F. J. COLVIN, Edmonton.

THE VACANT RANKS.



IN the road from Tipperary there's
a place that's vacant still,
There's a rifle lying silent, there's
a uniform to fill.

True, at home they'll hate to lose
you, but the march will soon

begin,

On the road from Tipperary, with the army
to Berlin.

In the Morris chairs of clubland are you con-
tent to stay

While others guard your honour, while the
Germans boast "The Day"?

For your King and Country need you, and
we want to count you in,

On the road from Tipperary, with the army
to Berlin.

Have you seen the lonely crosses? Boys
who'll never more come home.

Will you idle while they're calling; will you
leave them there alone?

For they're calling, calling, calling, and they
want to hear you sing,

On the road from Tipperary, with the army
to Berlin.

When from Mons they fought each footstep
when their lips with pain were dumb,

'Twas hope that held their trenches, never
doubting you would come.

Through the frozen heel of winter, 'midst the
shrapnel's racking din,

They have waited, never fearing; you would
join them in Berlin.

On the road from Tipperary there's a crim-
son debt to pay,

There's a land of awful darkness, patient
faces, tired and grey,

Sobbing women, ruined girlhood, strew the
train of Kultured sin.

Can't you hear the call for vengeance; won't
you join us in Berlin?

On the road from Tipperary sleep the boys
whose work is done.

Don't you hear the voices calling to complete
their work begun?

There are ghostly fingers beckoning, there
are victories yet to win,

On the road from Tipperary, with the army
to Berlin.

On the road from Tipperary when the boys
come home at last,

Won't you wish that you had listened ere old
England's call has passed?

But the gate of manhood's open, you your
part can still begin,

On the road from Tipperary, with the army
to Berlin.

We are indebted to Bugler Cecil Coleman, of the 66th Battalion, for the above excellent effort in the poetical line. This was sent from Edmonton for publication, and it shows that this little journal of ours is appreciated and liked by other battalions, and we hope that future numbers will see more writings from the same pen.

THE KAISER'S DREAM.



HERE'S a story now current,
Though strange it may seem,
Of the great Kaiser Bill
And a wonderful dream.
Being tired of the Allies
He lay down in bed

And, amongst other things,
He dreamt he was dead.
And in a fine coffin
He was lying in state
With a guard of brave Belgians
Who mourned for his fate.
He wasn't long dead
Till he found to his cost,
That his soul, like his soldiers,
Would ere long be lost.
On leaving this earth
To heaven he went straight,
Arriving up there,
Gave a knock at the gate.
But St. Peter looked out,
And in a voice loud and clear
Said: "Begone, Kaiser Bill,
We don't want you here."
"Well," said the Kaiser,
"That's rather uncivil,

I suppose after all
I must go to the devil."
So he turned on his heel
And away he did go
At the top of his speed
To the regions below.
But when he got there
He was filled with dismay,
For while waiting outside
He heard Old Nick say
To his imps: "Now, look here, boys,
I give you all warning
I'm expecting the Kaiser
Down here in the morning.
But don't let him in,
For to me it's quite clear,
He's a very bad man
And we don't want him here.
If he once gets in
There'll be no end of quarrels;
In fact, I'm afraid
He'll corrupt our good morals."
"Oh, Satan, dear friend,"
The Kaiser then cried,
"Excuse me for listening
While waiting outside,
If you don't admit me
Say where I can go."
"Indeed," said the Devil,
"I really don't know."
"Oh, do let me in,
I am feeling quite cold,
And if you want money
I have plenty of gold.
Let me sit in a corner,
No matter how hot."
"No, no," said the Devil,
"Most certainly not.
We don't admit folks here
For riches or pelf,
Here are sulphur and matches,
Make a hell for yourself."
Then he kicked Wilhelm out
And he vanished in smoke,
And just at that moment
The Kaiser awoke.
He jumped from his bed
In a shivering sweat,
And said, "Well, that's a dream
I shall never forget.
That I won't go to heaven
I know very well,
But it's really too bad
To be kicked out of hell."

AN ADMIRER FROM OTTAWA.